

## WATCHMEN VS. WORKMEN.

It is estimated that in four counties in the coal region of Pennsylvania the Coal Trust is now employing 5,000 men on the coal and iron police. These men receive each \$4 a day as wages, double the earnings of the laborer who works in the coal mines. In addition they must be fed and lodged. They must also be armed with revolvers and with the newest and most effective breech-loading magazine rifles, warranted to kill. In all it is estimated that this police force has cost the Coal Trust up to date not less than \$1,800,000.

Senator Hanna asserts that the concession of a five per cent. increase in wages to the miners would have averted the strike. The additional payment of ten cents a day to 140,000 miners would cost the companies \$14,000 a day—or about three-fourths of the wages of its 5,000 armed policemen. During the fifteen weeks of the strike the companies would have paid out \$1,260,000 to its workmen in wages for mining coal instead of paying out \$1,800,000 to its armed workmen for doing nothing.

On the other hand, however, if the mines had been in operation coal would have sold at its normal price and the Coal Trust would not have been able to peddle out five or ten million tons of reserve stock at an advance of \$3 per ton.

Looked at from a strictly business point of view the investment of \$1,800,000 in a police force to starve out the miners has been a good investment for the Coal Trust.

## PATERSON'S WHITE WINGS.

When a woman will she will, depend on't, and in Paterson her will that a certain street block should be kept clean has put the men to shame. For weeks the women protested against the filthiness of Water street between Arch and Clinton. Husbands and brothers petitioned the Aldermen, grumbled, threatened, pleaded. Threats and pleas being of no avail, the wives and sisters organized themselves into a street-cleaning committee of twenty and yesterday they set themselves to their Augean task. Turning out at 7 A. M. with shovels, rakes, picks, hoes and brooms, they removed the accumulated rubbish of months within a few hours and left the erstwhile offensive block "as sweet and shiny as a new washbowl." The fluttering of feminine "white wings" as the work went on was a goodly sight to see.

It is a matter of general observation that the civic spirit of the women of New Jersey is superior to that of the men. In Montclair, Summit, Morristown, in most of the "commuting" towns adjacent to New York many of the local improvements have been the result of feminine initiative. The men of the house give a divided allegiance to city and suburb; the women, more directly concerned with their homes, take a keener interest in the village government.

## SULGRAVE MANOR.

Manhattan Beach to-night will entertain with appropriate ceremonies a delegation of husters from St. Louis who are visiting New York in the interests of that great national enterprise, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. No welcome can be given these gentlemen that they do not deserve. Their daring and energy have assured the success of an exposition which will dim the lustre of all previous attempts alike in Philadelphia, in Chicago and in Paris.

They even propose, there wild and woolly Westerners, to purchase the ancestral home of the Washingtons in England, and to transport the manor house of Sulgrave, brick by brick, lintel and roof-tree and starred and striped coat of arms and all, to St. Louis and to set it up anew just as it stands in the beautiful exposition grounds, a memorial to the nation of Washington forever.

This is as it should be. Had there been no Sulgrave Manor there had been no George Washington, and had there been no George Washington there might have been no Louisiana Purchase and the people of St. Louis might now be singing "God Save the King" instead of "Hail, Columbia."

By all means let us have Sulgrave Manor as a memorial and a shrine not less sacred than Mount Vernon.

## COME BACK, MR. MAYOR.

By what authority does the Mayor of New York absent himself from the city and take an indefinite vacation at the other end of the Maine coast?

Would it not be worth while for Mayor Low to take sufficient interest in municipal affairs to look into the middle in the somewhat important Fire Department created by the arbitrary and inexplicable course of his Fire Commissioner Sturgis in suspending Fire Chief Croker on no other ground except the good will and pleasure of the Commissioner?

If this is the manner of administering municipal affairs contemplated by a reform administration then the people of New York have been laboring under a gross misunderstanding.

The course of Commissioner Sturgis admits of no defense. It threatens a demoralization of the Department which can be averted only by prompt and energetic action on the part of the Mayor.

The place for Mayor Low just now is not in Bar Harbor but right here in New York City.

## DIFFERENT IN RUSSIA.

Konstantine Popoff, pastor of the Russian Church at Minneapolis, is shocked by the liberties American newspapers have taken with the name of the Grand Duke Boris in reporting the Chicago episode of the wine-drinking from the chorus girl's slipper. "The Grand Duke is only human," says Popoff. "He is having a good time. In Russia he can enjoy himself and no one knows about it. It's no one's business. The papers would not dare publish it." As young men will be young men and youth must have its fling we should keep it quiet. Such is the Popoff philosophy.

But in America one half likes to know how the other half is living and enjoying itself. Newspaper publicity concerning the latter is especially interesting. If Saratoga were in Russia presumably no outsider would know of what was going on at that lively resort. The porter sweeping up the small bills at Canfield's, as seen by T. E. Powers; the electric-light diamonds that blinded his vision at the breakfast table no less than by night, Mr. Green's herculean blondes and dowagers and race-track ladies and all the entertaining component parts of the panorama of life there—we should know nothing of them if we lived in Russia. Nor of the high-life amusements of Newport, its scandals and divorces and suicides, episodes that divert society there in its efforts to amuse itself. The Russian way may suit the Russians, but we prefer our own.

## The Funny Side of Life.

## JOKES OF OUR OWN.

**MORGANATIC.**  
If all the great industries should combine (Of which same merger Trust folks hold communion), This long-expected combination fine Would simply be a Morganatic union.

**NO UPHEAVAL.**  
"He's always changing his mind."  
"Yes; and it's a case of 'small change' at that."

**OLD PROVERB PROVEN.**  
"It must cost Mayor Low a lot of money to run his yacht back and forth to business every day."  
"Well, money makes the Mayor go, you know."

**SURE CURE.**  
"What ailment will Saratoga cure?"  
"Principally that wealthy feeling."

**THE MODERN VIEW.**  
"The Dutch used to believe thunder was caused by men playing ten pins up in the clouds."  
"If they lived nowadays they'd think it was caused by summer children playing on a hotel veranda when some people want to go to sleep."

## BORROWED JOKES.

**GOOD AS ANY.**  
Managing Editor—Well, what's the trouble?  
Assistant—The beauty editor is away and a woman writes to know what to do with a wrinkle in her forehead.  
Managing Editor—Tell her to putty it up and forget it.—San Francisco Chronicle.

**PRELIMINARY.**  
The policeman heard high words and poked his head in the door.  
"What's goin' on here?" he demanded.  
"Nawthin'; Nawthin' at all!" answered one of the belligerent men in the middle of the floor. "There's nawthin' goin' on, but there's a fight comin' off in less than a minute if ye'll only keep movin'."—Chicago Post.

**FUNNY.**  
Towne—Did you ever notice anything funny about his conversation?  
Browne—Funny? I should say not. There's absolutely no point to it.  
Towne—That's the funny part of it. Having no point, how is it that it bores so quickly?—Philadelphia Press.

## SOMEBODIES.

**DANTON, ABNER—**of Lincolnville, Mass., is in his ninety-fifth year, but is still an athlete and has made a standing offer to race or wrestle with any man of his age. As he wants to do this for money, he may be regarded as the oldest living professional athlete.

**KITCHENER, LORD—**received a bullet in the face in the Sudan campaign. It was never extracted, but one day while he was dining at a London restaurant it fell out into his plate.

**PRINCE OF WALES—**has for his study the smallest, least pretentious room at Sandringham. It is lit by but one window.

**RANGER, A. W.—**chief solicitor for the Salvation Army in England is blind.

**WOODFORD, GEN. STEWART—**who is coming back from a four months' visit in Japan, says the Anglo-Saxon alliance is doing much for peace in the East.

## TRAIL SONG.

Here's out on the open trail, my lass,  
With a heart for rain or shine!  
Here's out to race with wind in the face,  
To roam and to rove at the wilding pace.

Where the weather thrills like wine,  
We'll follow the wind of the way, my lass,  
Where it chases a trout stream,  
We'll loaf along with a vagrant song.

With the glow of life all thrilling strong,  
And the future a vibrant stream.  
For what's a day or a year, my lass,  
But time for finding joy?

We've naught to do, we crony two,  
With the ship of Worry's crafty crew.  
We're free from all annoy.

Then here's a song, a song, my lass,  
A song for the open trail!  
We're off to seek the crimson streak  
That's sunk behind West Mountain's peak.  
And to drink from Freedom's gail,  
Frank Farrington, in Lippincott's.

## TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

**Apply to Cooper Union.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Kindly tell me where I can learn free engineering in the evenings. E. S.

**An Excellent Suggestion.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:

I see many people complain of the indigestible food served at quick-lunch counters and of the indigestion caused by the short time allowed for lunch, so much of which time is taken up in going to and from the lunch-room and the office. Here is a solution to both difficulties. If you have a home of your own let your wife, mother or sister put up a little dainty lunch for you every morning in a little box you can slip in your pocket. Not a big spread. You ought not to eat much at noon. Just

## THE PRESIDENT'S NEW ENGLAND TRIP.



'Tis a weird New England diet, but the President must try it  
If he survives the pie it will be but to tackle beans.  
And our politic Rough Rider must drink his strenuous cider  
Where the constable can't catch him in those prohibition scenes.

## ALL SHE ASKED.



Cholly—Miss Wose, I know cigarettes are killing me, but I will do anything for you, sake. Shall I swear off?  
Miss Rose—No, keep on.

## DISCOVERED.



Native Chieftain—Ah! This must be the sailor's hornpipe I've heard so much about.

## DANGEROUS.



Mrs. Brown—Wouldn't you like a nice cup of hot coffee?  
Drooping Dankins—No'm, thank you. 'Twould keep me awake.

## ONLY ONE OF MANY.



Smith—Sad thing about Brown, isn't it?  
Jones—Don't know. What's the trouble?  
Smith—Why, his recent illness has affected his mind and he is now unable to recognize his wife.  
Jones—Pshaw! I know lots of sane men who can't realize that their wives are the same women who fished them out of the bachelor pool.

## NOT IN DAYLIGHT.



Fox to Owl—Say, why don't you come to work?  
Owl—When?  
Fox—To-day.  
Owl—I couldn't see it.

## NO ARMY FOR HIM.



The Mouse—Why don't you join the army, too?  
The Elephant—They won't let soldiers carry anything heavier than a knapsack, and I refuse to be parted from my trunk.

## ODDITY CORNER.

## A WENDISH WEDDING PARTY.



Of all the Slavic races of Germany the Wende of the Spreewald, near Berlin, have best preserved their tribal peculiarities of dress, manners and customs. This is probably due to the fact that the little colony is very compact and isolated and leads a very quiet life, the principal occupations being farming and fishing. The peculiar dress is also an attraction for tourists and serves as a distinctive and professional costume for the Wendish nursemaids, who are in great demand in Berlin.

Wendish marriages are arranged by professional marriage brokers, called drushbas. The drushba even sends the invitations to the wedding, to which he is not admitted until he has made a speech, supposed to be very witty. In some villages a mock marriage by purchase takes place. In others a big earthen pot, disguised by a cloak into some semblance of a hunchback, is first offered as the bride and is then smashed by the drushba amid general hilarity. A peculiar feature of betrothals is the bridegroom's formal apology to the bride's parents for any wrong which he may have done them unwittingly. The wedding procession is picturesque. The highways of the Spreewald are the numerous watercourses by which the flat country is intersected, and the vehicles are flat-bottomed boats, which for weddings are provided with benches, each of which comfortably accommodates one couple, as the picture shows.

## FIRST TRUST ON RECORD.

The earliest form of trust that ever existed was undoubtedly the cornering of food-stuffs by monarchs and their agents. Accounts of such transactions are to be found in Assyrian records dating back 7,000 or 8,000 years, and the Bible describes a very large operation of this kind carried out by Joseph when, out of the wealth of the seven fat years, he provided for the poverty of the seven lean ones, says Stray Stories.

The Romans did the same thing through their tax-farmers, who laid embargoes on the food supplies of the provinces against arrears of taxes, and the probability is that similar operations were also conducted with regard to manufactures.

Another form of monopolies, known as trade guilds, has existed from the very early times, and these, in the middle ages, amounted practically to the cornering of certain arts and industries, as well as means of distribution. The greatest of them was the famous league of the Hanse towns.

So close a "combine" was this that it possessed its own fleets of armed merchantmen, and even armies of mercenaries in order to guard its monopoly—a length to which not even American capitalists have yet ventured to proceed.

## CANADA'S GAME FIELDS.

To one who knows what the vast solitudes of Northern Canada really mean the dread of game extermination seems rather uncalculated, says Outing. The latest census of Labrador gives it a population of one man to every thirty-five square miles. This can hardly be called an inconvenient crowding. There are almost as many persons in a single east side New York block as there are in the whole of Labrador. Why should game become extinct in this region? I must confess I can see no reason why the caribou and the bear and the other animals should not live out their lives just as they have always done. The numbers killed by man must surely be quite insignificant. The same conditions obtain in Northern Ontario, the greater part of the northwest territories, and a very large part of British Columbia.

The date is far distant when there will not be sufficient game and to spare for the sportsman who is content to take the litter with the sweet and leave behind the luxuriousness of the fashionable resort.

## SIAMESE TWIN CHICKENS.



William Hurley, of Switchel, Kan., claims to have the most peculiar chicken in the world, although there is some doubt among his neighbors as to whether or not the bird in question is really a chicken. At any rate it is twins, and Siamese twins at that. It was hatched from a double-yolk egg. The two heads are grotesque and not at all like chicken's heads.

## FAN AND LORGNETTE IN ONE.



The idea is that a fan of this sort comes in handy at the opera, races, seashore, &c. They come in many kinds of feathers, as well as in lace and gauze.

## MARRIAGE NAMES.

Why do blushing brides assume their husband's names on the wedding day and forfeit their own forever after? The cynic's reply that they have little else to lose and are bound, for decorum sake, to make some small sacrifice for the well-meaning man who offers up so much for them on the bachelorette altar, is far too flippant to be considered seriously. The date is far distant when there will not be sufficient game and to spare for the sportsman who is content to take the litter with the sweet and leave behind the luxuriousness of the fashionable resort.



Get a bottle with a wide opening and close it with a cork in which a glass funnel is inserted. Close all crevices with shellac. Fill the bottle halfway with water, in which you drop two powders belonging to a saltpetre powder. The carbonic acid gas generated tries to escape through the funnel. But by placing two or three small balls, made of cork, in the funnel, the gas can escape only a little at a time, as one or the other of the little balls will keep the opening of the funnel closed, until the pressure of the gas becomes strong enough to force the ball up. In such a way a part of the gas escapes the pressure is relieved and another ball closes up the funnel opening. This will keep on until the gas is exhausted.

## EGYPTIAN KEY.

The keys used by the ancient Egyptians were hooks which passed through the door from the outside and caught the bolts, so as to shoot them home or draw them back as required.